

JOY IN THE CITY

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"There was great joy in that city."—
Acts 8:8.



It was the joy of receiving Christ. With this there comes the joy of forgiveness. A sense of guilt oppresses the one who realizes that he is under condemnation. It carries with it shame and remorse; it is soul-darkness. When Christ is received, the sun has risen and the light of joy fills the soul. This city of Samaria had once rejected Jesus. He asked a night's lodging and they would not give it. Worn by the journey, he had to press on, for he would not thrust himself upon them. Whether they remembered this treatment of the Master or not, we cannot tell, but it looks as if they tried to make amends for it. We should remember, however, that they rejected Jesus before his death; he had not then been lifted up; they had not felt the magnetism of his love on Calvary. After Philip had preached that he had died for them and risen from the dead, their hearts yielded to the drawings of gratitude. There is always joy in feeling that you treat another right, and there is sorrow in the consciousness that you have dealt unfairly. Have you rejected the Lord Jesus in the past? Make amends for that, receive him now. Think quietly for a moment of the love that was shown in the death on the cross, and simply let your heart yield itself to the magnanimity of that love. To resist is to do violence to the noblest that is in you; to yield is to let the noble assert itself.

Joy in Obedience.

There was the joy of hearing the word of God. "The people gave heed to those things which Philip spoke," and we learn in the fourth verse what he spoke. He was one of those who "went everywhere preaching the word." His mission was not to preach about the word, but the word itself. Tell the people God's word and it will fill them with joy. Raise questions about the word and you will fill them with gloom; discussing the composition of bread will not feed a hungry man; give him bread and satisfy his hunger. Analyzing the waves of sound will not thrill the soul with music.

Joy of Wealth.

If you would have the joy of wealth, study the Bible. If you would impart that joy to others, proclaim to them its teachings. A member of the English parliament was a merchant with many burdens, and he determined to take a vacation for two weeks. He instructed his confidential clerk to send to him only telegrams and cablegrams, opening and answering such letters as he deemed important. In a large mail of letters, circulars and papers there came an unstamped envelope which the clerk placed among the unimportant correspondence. After the vacation was over, the merchant, feeling one day that he had leisure, decided to look through the pile of mail rubbish which he had on hand. He opened this unstamped envelope and found in it a communication from the queen of England offering him a baronetcy and giving him 20 days in which to answer. Twenty-eight days had passed and only two remained. He hastened to answer the communication and received the honor with thankfulness. How near he came to missing what he considered the greatest honor of his life! And so it is with many of us. In the Bible is the heritage of wealth and honor beyond any bestowed by the crowned heads of earth; shall we place this book among the common things to be neglected? If so, we shall turn away from the richest heritage ever given to man. It is here we learn that we are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.

Joy of Fellowship.

There was the joy of fellowship in the word. The people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spoke. Sharing our joy with others increases it, as sharing our sorrow with others diminishes it. The miser hoards his wealth and is miserable; the philanthropist shares his wealth with others and is happy. We have no right to become misers in hoarding the wealth of God's word; we should share the comfort and joy we receive from it with others. We have in this Bible a hatch of letters from heaven. We read them for ourselves and rejoice, but, when we tell their contents to others and see the joy it gives to them, our joy is increased.

There was the joy of seeing God work. "Hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." Commentators think that the hearing refers to the words which Philip spoke, and the seeing to the miracles which he did. There is a miracle of word as well as of deed. The people heard miracles of speech from the lips of Paul, Stephen and Whitfield. God spoke His words of revealed truth through the men who committed their lips to Him. The people saw the deeds which God wrought through Philip, and they rejoiced. It rests one to see power at work.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the joints, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

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Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

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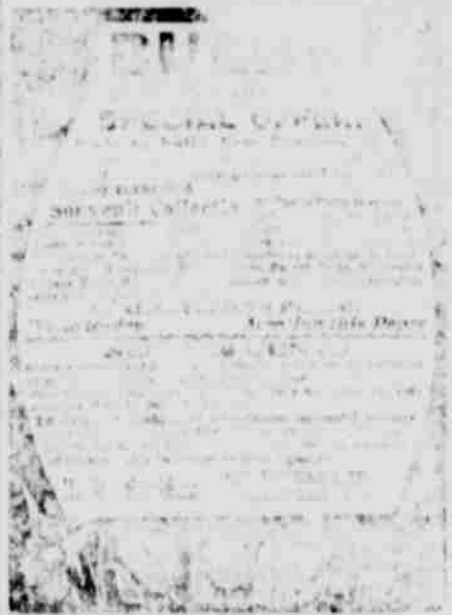
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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backaches, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

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A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage my soul to get it." Only 25c.

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

ENTERTAINED AMERICAN TARS



Sir Joseph George Ward, K. C. M. G., premier of New Zealand, showed the tars of the American battle fleet, during their recent visit to that country, that all colonial officials are not of the Sweetenham type. He had charge of the entertaining of the bluejackets and he acquitted himself royally. In addition to dinners and balls in the city he took them for a two-days' trip into the interior and showed them the natural wonders that have made New Zealand known throughout the world.

He had the American admiral stir up a sleeping geyser with a cake of soap, and he had the tars peep into the blazing pit which the Maoris have always regarded as the place of final torments. He showed them the most socialistic government in the world, a country in which at the polls as well as in the courts woman has the same rights as man, and the Maori stands on the same plane with the white man. And no man is better able to point out and explain the things of interest in that most interesting country than Premier Ward, for he has been in politics nearly all his life, knows every foot of the country and is versed in all its problems.

Sir Joseph is a typical Englishman in appearance, tall, stout, with a large, well-shaped head and wide-open eyes. He is very ordinary in his appearance and would impress one as a successful business man with a kindly nature and a genial manner. It was for very meritorious services that he was made a baronet. It was in acknowledgment of his powers as an entertainer, for he was premier when the duke and duchess of Cornwall visited New Zealand and it was his place to receive them. And he took just as great pains in entertaining the American tars as he did when he had sprigs of royalty as guests.

Sir Joseph is 51 years of age and is still in the prime of life.

LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR



Mehmed Ali Bey, the Turkish ambassador to the United States, who has just been unceremoniously dumped out of his position by an order from Constantinople, is a victim of chance, just as he was favored of that goddess when he received appointment. For Mehmed Ali Bey was made ambassador through the influence of his father, Izet Pasha, who was private secretary to the sultan and one of his most trusted and influential advisers. It is an eloquent illustration of the whirligig of time that even while the son is recalled by his government and, presumably, reduced to the ranks, his father is declared at this moment to be hidden in New York, a fugitive from justice and sought by the "Young Turkey" leaders in Gotham, who hated him during the sunny days when his word was a potent influence with the sultan.

Not that Mehmed Ali was unfitted for his position. He is a man of culture and ranked high in the diplomatic corps, although only 35 years old. He was one of the chief counselors of the foreign office at home before coming to America. He is much more liberal in his views than were most of his predecessors.

His father, Izet Pasha, is declared by the Turkish revolutionists in New York to be at this moment hidden somewhere in that city, with a great share of his fortune and an interpreter who speaks perfect English and who screens his master from observation. Mundil Bey, late Turkish consul general to New York and named to succeed the ambassador as charge d'affaires, and who is in sympathy with the "Young Turkish" movement, is positive that the former "boss" is in that city, and that he will be discovered. Just what would be likely to happen to the pasha if the revolutionists should find him first is a matter for speculation.

SEEKS FOLK'S PLACE



William S. Cowherd, who received a plurality of the votes in the primary as Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri, will have to fight for his place on the ticket in the courts of the state. Walter Hall, who landed second in the running, has started a contest, and has placed before the prosecuting attorneys of three counties evidence tending to show that many of the ballots cast for Cowherd were fraudulent.

One peculiar feature of the campaign which closed with the primaries was the fact that Cowherd secured his plurality in the three cities of St. Louis, Kansas City and Springfield. Every other county in the entire state went heavily against Cowherd, yet he piled up such enormous majorities in the three cities named that he overcame the adverse lead and had several thousand votes to spare, according to the returns.

Cowherd is 48 years old, a native of the old-pipe state and a lawyer. He has practiced law in Kansas City ever since his graduation from the state university, except when he was too busy playing the game of politics.

His political career may be said to have commenced with his appointment as assistant prosecuting attorney in 1885. From that position he went to the city counselor's office as first assistant, was mayor of Kansas City for two years and served in congress for eight years, retiring in 1905 at the request of his district.

In the recent campaign he was credited with the support of United States Senator William J. Stone, himself a candidate for re-election. Ball Cowherd's strongest opponent, was said to have the backing of Gov. Folk.

The latter has been asked to send the attorney-general of the state to Kansas City and St. Louis to assist the local prosecuting departments in the search for crookedness in the primaries, but the executive has intimated that he does not consider it the place of the state officials to take any active part in any such investigation, but rather to leave the whole investigation in the hands of the local officers.

TO DIRECT NEW THEATER



Donald Robertson, who is to be director of the new municipal theater experiment in Chicago, is equally well known as an actor and a manager. He has from the inception of the Chicago idea been an ardent supporter of the experiment, and it will be carried out upon his own lines.

There is little similarity between the new theater project in New York and the municipal playhouse in Chicago. The former is essentially a private enterprise, founded by a group of wealthy men who, seeing the need of an untrammeled stage for the perpetuation of the classic drama, banded themselves together, furnished the money to put up a magnificent building, and announced a scale of prices in keeping with the superior quality of the entertainment.

It has been arranged to present a season of 20 weeks of dramatic offerings in Fullerton hall, an adjunct of the Chicago Art Institute, with performances on Tuesday evening of each week. The season will begin with the last week in September, and the Robertson players will offer in historical perspective pieces from the classic German, Spanish, Scandinavian, Italian, French and American playwrights. The financial burden of the whole artistic experiment will be assumed by the directors and members of the Art Institute, who number about 2,500 people, and admission will be restricted to the membership until the demand from that field is satisfied.

Incidentally, the municipal theater in Chicago will not be a place of amusement—no light cleverness nor frothy music—no superficial problem plays nor sketchy reviews. Rather, it is to be heavy, heavy to the verge almost of pedantry, with the idea of educating the public taste rather than catering to it.

USES HOUSE FOR BARN; SLEEPS UNDER A TENT

HORSE TRADER AROUSES DANVILLE, ILL., BY TREATMENT OF HIS EQUINES.

Danville, Ill.—Rather than run the risk of injury to his horses from exposure to the weather, Owen Joels, a horse trader reputed to be wealthy, sleeps in his yard on property that he has rented on Logan avenue in this city, and houses his horses in his dwelling.

Joels is the owner of a large drove of fine horses. A few days ago he rented the property that he now occupies from a local real estate dealer. His plans as to his mode of living were not divulged, however. The other morning the agent of the property was surprised when one of the man's



Joels Lives in a Tent While His Horses Are Quartered in the House.

neighbors called over the phone and informed the real estate dealer that his tenant had pitched several tents in the yard instead of using the two-story house to live in and had placed a number of horses in his dwelling. Not only are the horses being sheltered in the house, but a couple of wagons have been backed up to the front door.

Joels' landlord called him to task when he found out the state of affairs, but when the horse dealer was asked to explain matters he replied that "he was minding his own business and would not bother anyone if he was let alone."

In the meantime the upper rooms of the dwelling are unoccupied, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the horses have not yet been trained to climb the stairs of the house.

CHAMPION HARD LUCK STORY.

Escaped Prisoner Risks Death Only to Be Recaptured.

New York.—Manuelo Prato, 35 years old, present address penitentiary, Blackwell's island, has the prize answer to the question: "What is hard luck?" but he is too depressed to give it now, so here it is, anyway:

To escape from a file of prisoners on the island; dodge the bullets and bolts of pursuing officers; swim the chilly waters of the East river to the Astoria shore; walk half a mile to what looked like a hospitable house to ask for dry clothing and find you were in the home of a policeman, who had no sentiment about escaped prisoners. Now, wouldn't that make you sore?

That was Manuelo Prato's bitter experience.

Six months of sweeping walks on the island didn't appeal to him, so he took the desperate chance of being shot when he plunged into the river, diving and dodging until he reached the beach near the boulevard.

Having lost his blouse and shirt on the way, Prato had only a pair of overalls on when he reached the Astoria shore.

Half a mile farther, at Grand and Fourth avenues, he had shaken off his pursuers. So he walked into the back yard of a house.

It was the home of Patrolman Keating of the Ozone park section, who was off duty.

Further details are painful and unnecessary. Prato is back on Blackwell's island doing penance "in solitary" for his brief bit of freedom.

Girl Kills Big Rattler.

Big Maddy, Wyo.—Irene Dickinson, a 12-year-old girl, killed a rattlesnake which measured 40 inches long and had five rattles and a button. She had been into the pasture for her horse, and on her return she encountered the ratter.

She threw a pair of hobbles at it, but failed to hit it. She then threw a tin pail in which she had been carrying a few ants with the same result. She then took off one of her bridle reins and commenced to whip it.

Her father, thinking she had been gone too long, started out to look for her, and came upon her in the act of crushing the reptile's head with the iron links of the hobbles. Irene is now wearing the skin as a belt.

How He Knew.

"Let me congratulate you upon the pronounced success of your party last night," said the plaintiff. "But you were not present," replied the defendant. "I was," rejoined the plaintiff. "How do you know?" asked the defendant. "Because," explained the plaintiff, "I prescribed for you a few drops of this morning."

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